

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1879.

NO. 26

NEWS AND NOTES.

Both Wilbur Paine is at Leadville.
Miles City wants a first-class saddler.
The Montana mints turn out \$250,000 monthly.
Theodore Tilton will lecture at Sioux City
Dec. 23d.

Miles City has a full fledged hook and ladder
company.

The cattle disease is spreading in the Judith
Basin country.

Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massa-
chusetts.

Fifty thousand people died in Japan last year
from cholera.

John Kelly says 30,000 New York Democrats
voted for Cornell.

The flow of gold from foreign ports to the
United States is unabated.

The social evil at St. Paul paid a city revenue
of \$338 one day last week.

The Kellogg-Spofford senatorial election in
Louisiana is being investigated.

The Benton Record says there is an abundance
of whoop up coal in the market.

The people of Miles City wants a money order
department in their postoffice.

It is now claimed that Tilden proposes to open
another barrel, this time for Sam Randall.

The crowd in Chicago at Grant's reception is
said to be the largest ever known in America.

The trouble on the Ohio river resulting from
low water was ended last week by abundant rains.

Eight years ago here were but three newspa-
pers published in Dakota. Now there are over
fifty.

The British are getting even with their Af-
ghan's. They recently executed forty-nine of
them.

An extensive fire occurred at Lake City, Minn.,
a few days go, burning the Sentinel office and ad-
joining property.

In a talk in relation to the Utes the governor of
Colorado proposes to send to their friends in
Massachusetts.

All articles made of iron have advanced during
the past three months from twenty-five to seven-
ty-five per cent.

The dipthera is making frightful havoc among
children in Russia, deaths exceeding in percent-
age that of birth.

The Sioux Falls Independent says the Southern
Minnesota R R will be completed to Dell Rapids
before the first of January.

The secretary of the navy has an excess of a
million and a half which he will cover into the
Treasury, instead of the usual deficiency.

The Pioneer-Press says: "If Capt. Arnold's
Northern Tier don't make a seaport of Crookston
it will not be for lack of wind and water."

Bismarck is on his ear and refuses to talk to
Americans because his interview with W. D.
Kelly in relation to the silver question was pub-
lished.

The Benton Record is about to enlarge. A
new steam power press and a large quantity of
new material has been added to the institution
this season.

Great warriors never work, remarked Piah, the
Ute chief. And Piah is much more than half
right, but ought not to have scalped the Meekers
to prove his greatness.

Alaska promises to become the future wheat
growing district of the world. The Yukon river
is navigable for 2,500 miles which makes it next
in size to the Mississippi.

A large sum of money will be spent for public
improvements in Ireland in order to give the la-
boring classes employment, with a view to re-
lieving prevailing distress.

Fort Benton, M. T., has grown so rapidly this
season that the citizens want the military reser-
vation adjoining town removed so that the tract
can be divided up into village lots.

The Reno case does not seem to be as bad as
it at first appeared. The Major suffers from the
result of a sprain because he has bitter personal
enemies who magnify his delinquencies.

There is a general disposition on the part of
the Southern people to support Grant for the
Presidency. They blame the Northern Demo-
crats for getting them into their present difficult-
ties.

Of course Gov. Seymour declines to be consid-
ered a candidate for the Presidency. Twas ever
thus. He and Bayard could come nearer an elec-
tion than any other Democrats. They might car-
ry New York.

The scandal of the elopement of the daughter
of Gen. Sickles is denied. She is said to be an
invalid who has suffered with a difficulty of the
brain and has been under the care of a physician
for two years.

Eliza Pinkston, the great bulldozed, figures
again in the newspapers. She is charged with
murdering her husband to whom she was married
two years ago. The Southern estimate of Eliza's
character may yet prove true.

The first run of silver bars at the Galena mill
was made yesterday, and the result was far be-
yond the most sanguine expectations. The bul-
lets will be exhibited at one of our banks before
it is shipped east.—Deadwood Pioneer.

The Philadelphia stock brokers circular says
of the North Pacific stock: "The future will de-
velop the fact that no reasonable estimate can
now be placed upon the value of the company's
magnificent landed estate, of upon its business,
which even now is increasing at the rate of 50 to
60 per cent, over the corresponding period of last
year."

Postmaster James, New York, has been sued
by lottery agents for detaining letters under or-
ders from the Postmaster-General who ordered
postmasters to send all letters addressed to lot-
tery agents to the dead letter office. Among the
fraudulent institutions J. T. or T. J. Comerford,
Louisville, and M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, are
named.

MURDER AT MILES CITY.

TWO MILL MEN INAUGURATE STOVE-POKER MATINEE.

The Brains of One of the Contestants
Exposed to the Air by a Wicked
Blow—Ulman, the Poker
Juggler, in Custody.
(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

QUESTION OF JURISDICTION.

MILES CITY, M. T., Nov. 19.—Ulman, the
alleged murderer of Winters, was
this morning arrested by U. S. Marshal
John Man upon a warrant issued out of
the U. S. District Court by Commissioner
Cook, whereupon the district attorney
filed a motion in Judge McBride's court
to dismiss the action brought there,
basing his motion on the ground that a
superior court had Ulman in custody.
The question of jurisdiction is being ag-
itated.

ULMAN AND WINTERS.

[Special Correspondence of The Tribune.]

MILES CITY, Nov. 16.—It is not often
the people of Miles City are called upon
to discuss sensations, in fact the average
citizen seems to have been surfeited with
domestic scandal, street fights, etc., before
he came here, and is weary of the heredi-
tary squabbles which alone make life in the
States worth living. He gazes upon a
fond husband-breaking a chair over his
dear wife's head with the same apathy
that Gen. Grant holds out his hand to the
great unwashed. Nothing less than a
murder could have produced anything like
envyosity in the a. c. aforesaid, and
accordingly

MURDER WAS COMMITTED.

The philanthropist like all altruistic in-
dividuals, is modest and disclaims any
intention of raising the apathetical veil
wore by the passionless citizens of Miles
and asks that his benevolence be forgot-
ten, or only remembered as an act of self
defense. The circumstances are these:

Two men, Ulman and Winters, by name,
were firemen and laborers in the large
saw mill of Messrs. Broadwater, Hubbell
& Co. of this city. For some ten days
previous to the killing, the two men re-
ferred to, had had more or less trouble,
occurred by the former obstructing the
passage out to the lumber yard with slabs
and bars of iron which he used in stirring
up the boiler fires. Winters was obliged
to pass the fireman in each of his trips to
the yard and the passage being so narrow
at this point the obstructions caused him
oftentimes to stumble with his load, and
consequently loud words were not un-
frequent between them. Last Friday
morning, however, the men became so
angry that words were insufficient to ex-
press their intense hatred, and Ulman, it
is said, made an attempt to satisfy his
wounded feelings by a peculiar demon-
stration known in western parlance as

A "GRAND BLUFF,"

which was speedily "called" by Winters.
Ulman then ran back to his station at the
boilers and reappeared almost immediately
with a bar of iron which he designates
as a poker. Winters, seeing Ulman com-
ing towards him with so formidable a
weapon, naturally prepared himself for an
encounter. Several of the mill-men were
witnesses to the fight and all but one pro-
nounce Ulman the aggressor, but however
that may be, he struck Winters three times
with the poker, the second blow knocking
his victim down. Winters staggered to
his feet, the blood rushing from two
ghastly wounds on his head, and but for
a few drops of blood, he would have
been killed. Ulman, the second blow
had broken his arm, and Ulman, it
is said, made an attempt to satisfy his
wounded feelings by a peculiar demon-
stration known in western parlance as

THE BISMARCK MILLS.

They Begin Operations—First Ship- ment of Flour.

The Bismarck Flouring Mills began

operation Monday. Slowly the steam was

turned on and five stories of complicated

machinery began to move. Wheat was

poured into the hopper and five stones

began relating their floury tale. A few

revolutions and "The Pride of Bismarck"

flour sifted gently down into the miller's

sack, after having traveled once and again

from basement to roof, through countless

pipes, shook up and sifted in all kinds of

ways, dropped into one bin then into another,

but at last finding its way through

all the complications into a patent

flour packer, (forty-eight or a hundred

pounds in a sack as the case may be).

This mill is fitted out with all the

improved appliances for purifying

flour and by the patent process,

makes into excellent flour, that which

used to be wasted or sold as feed for the

brute creation. Mr. Burt, Bennett's partner,

is a man of long experience in the

business and he, in connection with one

or two Minneapolis millers, invented the

machine for taking pieces of wire out of

the wheat. It is amusing to watch the

simplicity of this machine's action. The

wheat falls down past a row of powerful

magnates. Every particle of wire is at-
tracted to them while the wheat goes on

below. This is a very valuable invention

as it saves the conundrum of the wire

band self-binding reapers. The flour

being manufactured at these mills is pro-

nounced by Mr. Yegen, of the City Bakery,

as equal to any he has ever used. He has

some fine loaves of bread at his bakery,

made from it. The first shipment from

these mills went to the Hills; 1,000

pounds purchased by Mr. Riley. It is

probable that most of the winter supply

for that section will be purchased here.

A CLOT OF BLOOD

on the brain as large as a tea-cup, and

how the brains could have accommodated

itself to such a fatal visitor for twenty-

four hours surpasses the wisdom of the

physicians in attendance at the post mor-

tem. The murdered man was about thirty-

five years of age and almost an entire

stranger here. Ulman is an anti-Corbin

man and a relative of Morris Cohn. He is

under \$10,000 to appear before Judge Mc-

Bride for preliminary examination. War-

ren & Garlock have been retained for the

defense, and some of their enemies are so

indifferent to the Chadband eloquence of
the one and the Quill-like shrewdness of
the other as to intimate a knowledge of
an attempt by the eminently pious Chad-
band to stifle certain testimony very dam-
aging to his client. It is hardly necessary
to say the testimony aforesaid is not trifled with.
The prosecution is in the hands of W. H.
Ross, district attorney, an able lawyer, a
conscientious gentleman, who will do all
in his power to have justice done both
Ulman and the murdered man. It
would be well to remark in this connec-
tion that the judicial pendulum has for
sometime past been guilty of undue oscilla-
tion. This leads me to speak of the

MILES CITY BAR.

a noble collection of No. 5 hats and 12
boots, aside from Judge Strevelle, Swift,
McElrath, Cox and Ross, whom your cor-
respondent will designate as attorneys
proper, there are Chadband and Quilp—
and Mr. Pecksniff, who, if not altogether
lovely, are certainly chiefs of their res-
pective thousands.

DR. PARR.

COAL.

The Question of Fuel in the North-
west Definitely Settled.

THE TRIBUNE, in years gone, spoke of
the coal of this section with much en-
thusiasm, but it has been forced to wait
so long for justification that the subject
has been one that the editor disliked to
touch. A new interest, however, is now
being felt in the subject, and some facts
in relation to coal may be of interest.
Bly's "Baby Mine" coal, supplied from a
bed on the Northern Pacific, about forty
miles west of Bismarck, is now being used
by the engineeers on the Yellowstone division
of the North Pacific, and by the steam
flouring mill at Bismarck. There is also
a demand for it by families that the com-
pany has not been able to supply. There
is no question as to the value of the coal
for fuel though its use is not as agreeable
as that of hard coal, but the hottest fire
the writer has seen this fall was made by
the use of "Baby Mine" coal. The upper
vein of this mine is three and one-half
feet thick, the lower vein seven feet. It is
of a very excellent grade. About
fifty miles up the Missouri river from
Bismarck Mr. McCall, who was killed by
Indians in the Black Hills, opened, four
years ago, a nine foot vein that can be
marketed whenever capital will take hold
of it. A three foot vein crops out at Fort
Lincoln, five miles from Bismarck, and this
vein underlies the higher points on the
east side of the river, cropping out at
Apple Creek. Much of the country be-
tween Bismarck and the Yellowstone is
underlaid with coal. At one point a vein
twenty-seven foot thick crops out; at an-
other twelve feet and at many other points
veins of a greater or less depth. The Miles
City Journal, speaking of this subject,
says: "The fuel question here has been
abundantly settled by Nature. Coal beds
are found in every direction cropping out
to the surface, and the quantity concealed
under the soil is beyond estimate. Se-
veral citizens of this place who were so for-
tunate as to own stoves with grates use
coal in them exclusively and with great
success. It is mostly brought from about
twelve miles distance and sells here at \$7
per ton.

AGITATORS ARRESTED.

The arrest of Davitt, Killeen and Daly,
Irish agitators, at Dublin and Connaught
caused great excitement in Ireland. Sen-
sational posters are up in the county and
the mayor is calling the Irish to rally.
The excitement extends through Scotland
and England.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I am entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding anyone, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hand; "can I not teach you manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go up stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant and stood where he was, pouting sadly. "Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs this moment?"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy toward the door, a scowl darkening his face, that was a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of his mother; she sprang toward him, and, seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart," she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line, and precept upon precept, but all to no purpose. That boy will break my heart yet."

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out and saying this unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing so involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging a fault upon herself, more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more to blame than half for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir," she said sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to the distance of nearly an inch. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper."

"I don't want to," whined the little boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than to pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came patterning down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat and time enough to eat it in."

Henry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the entire contents into his saucer and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents upon the tablecloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded thisfeat.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that clean tablecloth! I declare I am out of all patience with you! Go away from the table this instant!"

Henry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing of them all in mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at one time, he had no recollection of any interdiction on that subject, although it had been made over and over again very often. In a little while he came creeping slowly back and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face.

Mrs. Burton was sorry that she had sent

him away for what was only an accident. She felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, and said, as he took his seat:

"Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea on the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this is enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behavior, the boy grew more and more heedless.

Mr. Burton rarely said anything to Henry about his unruly manners; but when he did, a word was enough.

That word was always mildly but firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy, or difficult to manage, at least he had never found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him forever; but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way, there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you adopt it, I think might do good."

Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation.

"If you would speak gently to Henry, I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant. She felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied. "I might as well speak to the wind. I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was laboring, her feelings in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently" were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them.

On going to bed that night she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child.

She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow. "I will try and do better," she said to herself, as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from her sleep.

Before she was ready to leave her room she heard Henry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful. He wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to wait till she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently" seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured and went in to Henry, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma."

"There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton as gently as she had at first spoken.

"O, yes, so they are!" cheerfully replied Henry. "I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother that the child looked up again into her face with surprise that was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully; "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits; and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months the breakfast table was pleasant to all. Henry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything, it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming not to hear her words, as had always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton, to his wife, after Henry left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed, their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months and years went

by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even minded, and orderly in his habits. A word, gently spoken, was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of their difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and, speak gently."

Stuttering.

Mr. Edgar S. Werner recently read before the Albany Institute a paper on this subject. Mr. Werner himself was, at one time, afflicted with this terrible disease, and he says that parents almost invariably treat a stuttering child with much severity, and thus, by frightening him, increase his malady, or spoil him utterly by too much leniency. The proper manner in which to treat such children is thus described: In nothing is the adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," more applicable than in stuttering. Indeed, in this instance, an ounce of the one is more effective than a hundredweight of the other. Children with stuttering tendencies should be especially well nourished; they should take a great deal of physical and out-door exercise; care should be taken that their lungs are fully developed and that their nerves are not irritated. Late hours and highly-seasoned food, and everything tending to derange, weaken or unduly excite, mentally or physically, should be avoided. The child should not be allowed to talk too rapidly or when out of breath. If he has trouble with a word he should be asked to repeat the whole sentence and not merely the offending word. Oftentimes a serious mistake is made here. The child is drilled upon his most difficult words, and he comes to fear them, and, as a result, his ability to articulate them is continually lessened. He should not be permitted to associate with another stuttering child; indeed, no child should. Inveterate stuttering may be caused by mimicking others. Throughout, the child should be subjected to kind but firm treatment.

Sheep to the Acre.

In an address before the Indiana Sheep Growers' Association, Mr. B. F. Magee held the following:

"There is one thing about pasturing sheep that has been overlooked, viz., the damage done to the grass by being run over by the flock. While I believe one acre of good grass would keep five or may be eight sheep well, I do not believe 100 acres would keep 500 sheep. Five sheep would probably do but little damage to one acre, even though they were confined to it; they would make but few tracks over it in a day, and would easily find fresh grass each day.

But suppose you put 500 sheep in a 100 acre lot, if five sheep could confine themselves to their own particular acre they probably would do as well in summer. But they will not do this, and right here is where theory and practice part company. Our five sheep start out to graze, and the 495 go along with them. Now a sheep is a dainty creature, and likes clean food. So the hindmost part of the flock keep pushing ahead, paying little or no attention to what has been already run over, and being in each other's way, each would go over ten times as much ground, before it is filled, as it ought. And having so much more work to get its food, it does not do so well as one that can satisfy itself with little or no exertion. Going over the tail too frequently, and picking about bung and urine for grass, is doubtless what makes large flocks so liable to disease.

Ancient Expresses.

A well-known means of sending news rapidly, in a country with such bad roads as Greece, was by trained runners; thus we are told that Phidippides, a professional courier, ran from Athens to Sparta to beg for aid, just before Marathon, arriving at the latter city at the end of the second day; and this was a distance of 150 miles. The constant

gymnastic training in which Greek, and especially Spartan, soldiers kept themselves, enabled whole armies to make very rapid forced marches. In the present instance the Spartan army, though slow to start, yet when it did march performed the distance in three days. So the old Chasseurs de Vincennes and picked light troops of the French army were trained to make swift marches by running one on either side of a cavalry soldier whose stirrup leathers they caught hold of. This, we believe, or something like it, is still kept up among the zouaves. The episode of the "Fieri Cross," in the "Lady of the Lake," shows how quickly a district may be aroused by a well-organized system of running messengers. Indeed, the swiftness of rumor is as proverbial as its exaggeration. Lady Duff Gordon, in her voyage up the Nile, found that the news of her approach invariably outran her movements, rapid as they were.

The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet-bag from one wearied arm to the other. I thought of my own good Aunt Polly at home, and rose at once.

"Pray take this seat, ma'am," said I. "And let me put your parcels up in the rack for you."

"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield, in an impatient sotto voce.

"Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business?"

"It is my own business," I answered, brusquely, "to see that every lady is made as comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now the squirrel cage, ma'am—it'll go very comfortably under the seat, I think."

Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt, but he never offered to trust his feet off the opposite cushions, although the younger woman stood in the aisle, uncomfortably swaying backward and forward with the motion of the train, until a woman beyond, observing the state of affairs, drew a sleeping child into her lap, and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.

By this time my old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction, and opened her sandwich box.

"Much obliged to you, young man," said she. "It's easy to see that you've a mother of your own at home, and you're in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for this person"—with a nod of her poke-bonnet in the direction of Mr. Hatfield—"if he's got a mother, I can't say much for her bringing him up. Perhaps he may be old himself one day, and stand in need

ON THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Of all things, a night journey is the most tedious," said Clarence Hatfield, as he let himself fall heavily into the stiff, uncomfortable seat of the railway car, with its faded velvet cushions, and its back at exactly the wrong angle for aught approaching the luxury of a nap. "I say, Clifton, do you think we might smoke?"

"Well, I rather imagine not," said I, with a motion of my head toward the other passengers. "There appear to be ladies on board."

Hatfield shrugged his shoulders.

"Such ladies!"

"Well" laughed I, "they don't appear to be particularly stylish in manner or costume, but, nevertheless, my dear fellow, the divinity of their sex hedge them around like a wall."

"Divinity of their humbug!" shortly interrupted Hatfield. "As if these ill-dressed dowdies, with babies and band-boxes, could possibly belong to the same world with Beatrice Hale!"

To this I made no answer. It did not seem to me exactly appropriate to lug the sacred name of Beatrice Hale into a discussion in a place like this. Yet what could I do, except to feel my cheeks flush and the roots of my hair tingle? For I was unmistakably in love with Bee Hale, and so was Clarence Hatfield.

If I were to waste quarts of ink and reams of paper in trying to describe her manifold charms and excellencies to the reader, it wouldn't do any good. Such things have been tried before, and failed. Let him imagine the fairest brunette the sun ever shone on, and he may come somewhere near the mark. Suffice it to say that she was as beautiful as a dream, and that Hatfield and I were both slaves at her feet.

Which of us did she like best? Ah, that was the question! It was something like the children's old game of see-saw: "Up I go, down you come." Sometimes I fancied I had had the ghost of a chance; sometimes I was convinced that Hatfield was altogether the preferred, and that I had better emigrate to Australia at once.

"Hello!" cried Hatfield, breaking unceremoniously in upon the thread of my musings, "there goes the whistle. We shall be off directly. Thank goodness for that!"

And he put up his feet on the opposite seat, and prepared for as comfortable a four-hours' ride as possible.

Clarence Hatfield and I, it is understood, were employees in the extensive business of Messrs. Jenkins, Jumperston & Co., auctioneers, and had been down in the country "putting up" a sale of swampy lots, cut into streets and squares, according to the most approved metropolitan methods of doing such things.

It had been a dismal business. November is not an inspiring month at the best, and a three-days' fog had conspired against the success of "Mount Morra Park," as Jenkins, Jumperston & Co. had christened the new speculation. Yet we had done reasonably well, and were now thankful enough to get back to New York.

As the train gave its starting lunge, the door flew open, and in came a tall old lady, in a prodigious black bonnet and a fur cloak, surrounded by a perfect *chevaux de frise* of squirrel cages, leather bags, brown-paper parcels, and sandwich boxes. She was followed closely by a younger lady dressed in black, and closely veiled, and paused hesitatingly in front of our seat.

"Young man," said she, in a low voice as gruff as that of a man, "is this seat engaged?"

"Yes," said Hatfield; "it is."

"For your feet?"

"No matter what for," superciliously replied the head clerk of Jenkins, Jumperston & Co. Please to pass on, old lady. You'll find seats enough beyond."

WRECK OF THE MACLEOD.

NAIMED BY THE BUTTE, SHE SEEKS A WATERY GRAVE.

A High Wind Carries the Butte Off the Ways Into the River—She Strikes the Macleod and Sinks Her.

WRECK OF THE MACLEOD.

Last Tuesday night the wind blew a hurricane, and a cold one at that. At the river everything was being placed in position for the winter. The men at work raising the boats on the ways were rushing the business and had hauled the Eclipse and Batchelor high and dry. The Butte was also nearly in its place when the men quit work for the night and the Macleod was just being raised on the skids. About 8 o'clock the wind changed and the Butte, which was to all appearances propped up solid, rocked back and forth, and finally, like a snowslide, glided rapidly down the ways.

STRIKING THE MACLEOD, one knocking her off into the river. Her side being broken in she filled with water in less than half an hour and sunk in seven feet of water. The ice is running thick and it may be impossible to raise her. The river is reported as falling two feet last night leaving a part of the Macleod's hull in sight. Should the river continue to fall so that the extent of the damage can be ascertained, it is not unlikely, the weather permitting, that she can be taken out. I. G. Baker has been telegraphed and will shortly

ARRIVE WITH A DIVER

who will examine the wreck, and, if possible, repair, to a certain extent, the breakage, and assist in attaching tackle, etc., for raising her. The Butte broke both her hog chains and several stanchions, and her boiler was moved about six inches. After the battle with the Macleod she sailed off down the river about 300 feet and stuck in the bank. She will probably have to remain there for the winter as it is impossible to get her on the ways until the Macleod is out of the way, and the prospects of the river remaining open much longer are very slim.

THE SHERMAN

arrived from her trip to Fort Bennett Thursday morning. She unloaded her goods at Lincoln and in the afternoon made preparations to lay up for the season. She is the last boat in. Maj. Kirk didn't believe in delay so he ordered her to find a good place in the river and tie up. She is across the river on a point below the Mandan landing. The N. P. transfer will probably winter beside her if she can get off the sand-bar on which she was stuck last night. The sudden fall in the river may also detain the Denver which was going down to Lincoln to tow the Union up. Crossing the river is now almost out of question on account of floating ice.

Catholic Improvements.

The Catholic Church is being plastered and fitted up with a view to greater comfort and to satisfy cultivated taste. The Alter has been renewed, repainted and gilded, this a contribution from Col. Otis, commanding at Fort A. Lincoln. The Church will also be kiln-oiled throughout, and improved in every respect in its interior appearance. The new school-house will be raised to-morrow and it will be pushed to completion at the earliest moment possible. In the spring the church will be painted, and the grounds trenched, and Ed Sloan has tendered the planting of trees free of charge. Sloan, by the way, has planted trees on the Presbyterian Church grounds and offers to do the same for the Episcopal and Methodist, as well as for the Catholic, as soon as their grounds are ready. Father Chrysostom is making many improvements and those in sympathy with his work may expect him to call on them for assistance. He will push his cemetery improvements as soon as he is able to do so. In the meantime those who want to secure lots to improve on their own account can do so. In case of an emergency, should the priest be absent, application for localities can be made to Owen Farley.

An Ungrateful Act.

The following appeared on a postal card recently received by a prominent man in this city:

IOWA CITY, Nov. 12, 1879.

DEAR SIR—Please send me maps and information concerning the country along the N. P. R. R. What occupation is there the best opening? Is there a good chance for a young lawyer?

That the postal inquiry fell into ungrateful hands is explained by the following shameful answer which was sent in reply:

BISMARCK, D. T., Nov. 17, 1879.
Dear Sir—Your card of inquiry of Nov. 12th, did not receive. The best openings that we know of at present under the circumstances, is a scientific printer, a drug dealer, well educated, and a good operator manager of large experience and for a young lawyer of ample means sufficient to support himself, build a \$10,000 church and give a chromo to each of his congregation every Sunday. A young lawyer, with plenty of clients to bring with him, would do well. As this is a thriving, growing city these chances will probably not long be vacant.

New Post Trader.

A new military reservation will be laid out at the Little Missouri, the winter quarters of Capt. Baker's company of the 6th Infantry. Mr. Frank Moore has been appointed post trader. His silent partner is Mr. J. M. Carnahan, of this city. Last Saturday Mr. Moore departed with seven wagon loads of provisions and wet groceries. The paymaster went out the same day to pay the troops, who have four months pay coming. Frank will be there just in time to catch a goodly share. Quartermaster General Tompkins was out to the Big Muddy this week establishing a cantonment.

I am now receiving daily by express from the Groveland Nursery, between St. Paul and Minn.

neapolis, trees, ornamental shrubbery and plants, which are all suited to the climate of Dakota and which will be furnished at the lowest prices for cash.

PROPOSALS FOR STOCK CATTLE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS,

Oct. 24, 1879.

Sealed proposals, endorsed "Proposed for stock cattle and directed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington City, D. C. will be received until 11 o'clock a. m., on Wednesday, the 3rd day of December, 1879, for furnishing at the points herein-after named, the following number of two year old American stock cattle, four per head of which must be bulls, viz: Yankton, 500 head each; Pine Ridge and Rose Bud agencies, Dakota, 1,000 head each; Cheyenne Creek agency, Dakota, 300 head, all of which cattle must have been raised and bred in Iowa or Minnesota; Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency, Indian Territory, 500 head; Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita agency 600 head; Osage Agency, Indian Territory, 250 head; Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory, 250 head; Ponca and Sac and Fox agencies, Iowa, 1,000 head each; Kaw and Ponca (Nez Perce Indians) 1,000 head, all of which cattle must have been raised and bred in Kansas or Missouri; Blackfeet Agency, Montana, 500 head; Shoshone and Bannock Agency, Wyoming, (for northern Arapahoe Indians) 250 head; Western Shoshone agency, Nevada; Flathead Agency, Montana, and Fort Hall agency, Idaho, 200 head each; which cattle must have been raised and bred in Montana, Wyoming or Idaho.

Cattle for the Indian Territory must be delivered between April 1st and 15th, and the remainder between June 1st and 15th, 1880.

CERTIFIED CHECKS ONLY RECEIVABLE ON FOLLOWING BANKS, ETC.

All bids must be accompanied by certified checks upon some one of the following banks or Government Depositories for at least five per cent of the amount of the proposal, viz: Chemical National, New York; National Broadway, New York; American Exchange National Bank, New York; Philadelphia National, Philadelphia; First National, Baltimore; Third National, Cincinnati; Union National, Chicago; Bank International, St. Louis, and Citizens National, Washington, D. C.; and the United States Assistant Treasurers at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis.

24-25 E. A. HAY, Commissioner.

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of Burleigh County, D. T., on a judgement rendered therein in an action where Michael & Macnider were plaintiffs and Ansley Gray and Mrs. Ansley Gray were defendants against the said defendants and lands of the said defendants. I have levied on the right title and interest which the said defendants had on the ninth day of May, 1879, in and to the following described personal property to wit:

One writing desk
One breakfast table
One parlor stove
Two bureaus
One student's lamp
One chair
One door mat
One set window curtains
Three feather pillows
One comforter
One spring mattress
Three blankets
One bed spread
One pair of chair
One rocking chair
Two iron chairs
Two dining room chairs
One oval stand
One bed mattress and spring
One students lamp
Three feather pillows
One trunk and contents
Five pictures
Miscellaneous Library
One clothes wringer

All of which I shall expose for sale and sell to the highest bidder at the front door of Engine Hall so called in the City of Bismarck, D. T., being the place where said District Court was last held.

On the twenty-sixth day of November, 1879, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
Sheriff Burleigh County, D. T.

Dated Oct. 20th, 1879.

HOW TO GET WELL.

Broken-down, Debilitated Constitutions. Both male and female, and all difficult cases, for which help can be obtained nowhere else found to be so by undeniable facts.

A True Theory, No Deception.

The practical results of forty years' experience will be shown to invalids in pamphlets and circulars by addressing the eminently successful Dr. Geo. W. Forbes, 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 13½yeow

SEND FOR SHEET

of Specimen Colors of my INK EXTRACTS, BLACK, BLUE, VIOLET, GREEN and CARMINE. The first three colors 25c. for each packet; the last two colors 50c. for each packet; each kind making one pint of fine ink. The whole set of colors \$1.50 sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address W. M. H. NORTHROP, P. O. Box 23, Castleton, VT.

W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor TONSORIAL PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths.

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Largest prices ever known on Breach-Loaders, Rifles and Revolvers. OUR \$15 SHOT-GUN and greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our NEW Illustrated Catalogue.

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WATER! WATER!

25 Cents Per Barrel.

Buy your water from the

GREEN TANKS

RUN BY

Harrigan & Marble.

Best in the City.

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MANDAN COLUMN.

P. O. CHILSTROM. FRANK J. MEAD. CHILSTROM & MEADE—Attorneys at Law, Mandan, D. T.

Northwestern Hotel,

MANDAN, D. T.

P. H. BYRNE, PROPRIETOR.

First-Class Accommodations.

This House sets the best table of any hotel in Mandan and its sleeping apartments are also superior.

Don't Forget the House.

10ft

McLEAN & MACNIDER.

Wholesale

Grocers.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

W. A. HOLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. B. WATSON,

DRY GOODS,

AND

NOTIONS.

98 MAIN STREET.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

INSURANCE!!
LIFE & FIRE!

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OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL

Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,

REPRESENTED BY

GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.

Bismarck, D. T.

March 14 '78f

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Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter., 17th St.

Ottumwa, Iowa, 30 Main St.

Des Moines, Iowa, Walnut & Second Sts.

Junction City, Kansas, Sixth & 7th Sts.

Sioux City, Iowa, Pearl St.

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Wm. Clitschka,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,

Candy, Fruit,

Crockery Glass Ware,

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office.

HYMENEAL FACTS WILL OUT.

BY C. L. MARION.

I'm a goodly youth of two-and-twenty,
And, unbroken, my days glide smoothly by;
For a lady-love, with money plenty,
Permit no cause for a tear nor a sigh.
Yet sighing I feel now would releat me;
Or, with a girl's weakness, maybe I'd cry;
For I say, with a vengeance, and no joking,
When one's secret leaks out it is provoking.

Now a maid I love, ah! a damsel fair,
With cheeks like a rose and eye like a star!
In wooing I took particular care,
And soon I bethed my conquest afar.
But the fasse I won this could not bear
(For Grace is so modest; in fact, we both are),
That of our wedded one word should we breathe
Till the day a garland was her head to wreath.

"Because," said Gracie, "I wish to surprise
Dame Rumor, the Misses Andrus and Grays.
Beside, how could I meet curious eyes!"
The fair bride elect! as everyone says,
Who wedded will be when summer-time die
And fades gently into cool autumn days!
I know I should blush and feel rather queer.
Now say not a word, love; promise me, dear."

Of course I promised—how could I refuse?
When those blue eyes so earnestly pleaded?
Moreover, I think that no one would choose
To have the fact known till it was needed;
So over the affair in quiet did muse,
And with our intent nearly succeeded,
When, lo! some "fly" reporter cut the cute caper
Of getting the news to stick in his paper.

Oh! wouldn't I like a punch at his nose
For poking his smaller where he'd no call;
A pity it is one naught can propose
Without these reporters knowing it all.
Thus, my secret (as the paper well shows)
Will be a surprise, if any, but small;
But still, just the same, we wedded will be,
But not a blamer "scribbler" there shall you see!

I say, young men on the hymeneal strain,
Try and outwit them; newspaper fellows,
Else never an infant will grow up fair.
For, if these "peeps" of a blacksmith's bellows
Get "wind" of a fact they'll "blow" it to Spain;
Now, if they'd wait till a wedding it mellows,
Then the nuptial proclaim of the lover true.
The event would be more refreshing and new.
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

An Old Frontiersman's Reminiscences.

An experienced guide and prairie traveler expressed the opinion to the writer that there was a much larger number of people annually lost upon the Western prairies than was generally supposed. "I mean by lost," said he, "people who wander away from well-known landmarks and are never heard of again; who die of starvation and that dread insanity which, generally speaking, overtakes the lost person. Of course we read now and then of such a case, but there are many which never reach the public prints. It is one of the easiest things in the world for an experienced traveler to stray away from camp, but a very different matter for him to find his way back again. Once out of sight of the wagons and tents, and the whole plain is alike to him. He stands always in a depression, with the ground rising slightly on all sides. It is an optical illusion, of course, but it is very like walking in the center of an immense sheet with its four corners slightly raised. The earth meets the horizon on every side, and presents the same unvarying view of waving grass and grayish brown soil. There is not a mark by which one may be guided. To take the sun for a guide even on a perfectly clear day, is with most persons only to intensify the difficulty. Unless one is an expert in the sun guidance, he may follow that luminary and yet continually go round in a circle to the left. The truth of this is proven every year by the recovery of persons who are found to have only traced a large circle in their efforts to escape, invariably coming round again and again to the point from which they started. The possession of a compass, moreover, seldom proves of any advantage to the person lost on the prairies. He probably never thinks about it until he discovers that he is lost, and then he has no land-mark from which to take his bearings. I have known repeated instances where persons have been lost on the plains and afterward found dead with a compass in their hands.

"As an illustration, I recall an instance which occurred some years since on the Red river trail. A Mr. McKenzie, a clerk in the trading-post at Georgetown, started early in the month of April, in charge of a small party, for Fort Garry. The snow still lay deep on the plains, but the season being so far advanced, wagons were used to transport their effects. Unfortunately the snow did not melt so rapidly as was anticipated, and the party were detained a long time on the road. About thirty miles on this side of Pembina they ran out of provisions. McKenzie who was a stout, able-bodied man, accustomed to prairie travel, volunteered to go ahead and obtain assistance. He set out on snow-shoes, and expected to reach the fort at Pembina within twenty-four hours. Meanwhile his comrades plodded on as best they could, and after two days of suffering, reached the fort without having seen anything of McKenzie. Nothing had been heard of him there. A party was at once organized, and a thorough search instituted for the missing man. On the second day he was found some seventeen miles from the post, and a long distance from the trail, lying beside a clump of bushes, frozen to death. He had taken off his coat and vest and hung them on the bushes, most probably to attract the attention of any passer, and lay on his back in the snow, with his compass in his hand. Now, here was a man experienced in prairie travel, an adept in the use of the compass, yet who was hopelessly lost in a country which he had repeatedly traversed. The experienced plain men who found him knew at once that, having unconsciously wandered away from the trail, and, benumbed by the cold, he had lost the ability to use his compass, and so lay down to die. Under ordinary circumstances, the man could have gone anywhere over the prairie by the aid of his compass alone.

"The mental resolution of a person lost on the plains is nearly always one of hopeless confusion. Not one man in a hundred retains sufficient control of

his mental faculties to help himself out of his situation. And the suddenness, and completeness, too, with which many minds give way, form one of the most curious phases of their condition. Some years ago I was guide to a hunting party on the Southern plains. Among the number was an Englishman, an intelligent young fellow of perhaps 25 years of age. He was an excellent shot, but unacquainted with the prairie, and I warned him repeatedly of the danger of straying away from the party. For a while he observed the caution, and stuck close to the camp. But after a time he grew more venturesome, and seemed inclined to take his own course. One day, when we were running buffaloes, he followed on after the herd, instead of returning to camp, as we supposed. Upon our return H—— was missed, and a search instituted. In not more than two hours after he was missed I sighted his horse feeding alone in the prairie. A few minutes after H—— was discovered sitting on the ground about half a mile away. As soon as we advanced toward him he started up and ran off at the top of his speed. I knew what was the matter with him as soon as he jumped, but the rest didn't. Riding alongside of him, I jumped to the ground and took after him on foot. After a sharp run I caught him. He was clean daft. The discovery that he was lost, and possibly would not be found again, had upset his intellect completely. He struggled like a madman to free himself, but I held on to him. We took him back to camp and tied him fast. Toward night he began to recover, and by morning he was quite himself. After that experience he kept close to camp.

"I recall another instance which illustrates this phase of the lost, but which had a more tragic ending. A neighbor of mine, living in a new prairie country, cut and stacked his hay on the plains about two miles in the rear of his house. It was his custom to visit the stacks and haul the hay to his farm as he required it. He started one afternoon in mid-winter, with two small ox-sleds, to bring home loads, taking with him a neighbor's boy, a lad of about 12 years of age. They reached the stacks, loaded the sleds, and, it is supposed, were about to return, when a violent storm came up—what we in the West call a blizzard. It was impossible to see a yard ahead in any direction. Thinking it would soon blow over, they dug holes in the stacks and crept in. But the storm raged for nearly three days without abating a jot of its fury. On the morning after their departure the two oxen were discovered standing in the barnyard with their harness on, but without the sled. During the day an effort was made to visit the stacks, but the relief party became lost themselves, and found their way back with difficulty. It was believed, moreover, that the man and boy would remain in the stacks until the storm ceased, which was hourly expected.

"On the following day the storm abated somewhat, and, in the afternoon, a larger and more determined party set out for the stacks. They were reached with much difficulty, but the man and boy could not be found. The holes which they had made into the straw, and into which they had crept, were plainly visible, but all traces of their departure were hidden under the drifting snow. Search was made until night closed in, when it was discontinued. On the following day it was resumed. In the forenoon the body of the boy was found under the snow at a distance of about eighty yards from the stack. He was, of course, frozen stiff. At a distance of half a mile the man's coat was picked up, but days of search revealed no traces of his body. It was apparent that they had left the stacks in an effort to find their way home. But the positions of the boy and coat were directly opposite to the route which they should have taken. In the latter part of April some half-breeds, wandering over the prairie, found the remains of the man sitting at the foot of a tree on the bank of a small stream, about six miles distant from the stack. The body was entirely destitute of clothing, save a pair of trousers. The man, without doubt, had become insane, and had cast off his garments as he wandered on. His shoes, hat and shirr were afterward found between the tree and the stacks. Throwing away their clothing is a common act with the lost, and always betrays insanity.

"A man may easily become lost on a prairie trail, or even a broad highway on the plains, if he has no other landmark to go by. In the old days of overland travel to California it frequently happened that parties who had camped over night at a short distance from the road took the back track in the morning under the firm belief that it was the right one.

"It is astonishing how quick men

will get lost on a prairie. They seem

hardly to have time to get out of sight.

Sometimes, too, they are not found again.

Two young Canadians went up the Red river valley, a few summers since,

bound for Fort Garry. They had joined in the purchase of a pony

and a rickety old cart at Fargo, and journeyed together. One evening about dusk they went into camp on the banks of the Goose river. After supper one of them started off on the prairie to look after the pony, which had been hopped and turned loose. He failed to return.

The pony came in all right in the morning, but the man has not been seen to this day.

It is probable that when he left the camp he went in a westerly direction.

If he did so, he might walk to the Rocky mountains without seeing a human being.

"As I said, people disappear suddenly on the prairies and are never heard of more.

But it occasionally happens that people are found also, or rather

that their remains are. The most singular find of this kind

knowledge was that of two half-breeds who had been hunting buffalo in the winter. They had wandered far out upon the plains in search of game, and, being laden heavily with meat and hides, night overtook them before they were able to regain the shelter of the timber. To protect themselves from the cold they lay down in the snowside by side, and wrapped a fresh buffalo-hide tightly about them, with the green or fleshy side out. While they slept, the overlapping sides and ends of the hide froze fast and imprisoned them like a vice. Tightly wrapped as they were, they could not extricate themselves, and so died of starvation. When found the two skeletons, shrouded in the stiffened and half-decayed parchment, showed the manner of their death."

Color-Blindness.

From a review in *Scribner* of Dr. Jeffries' book on this subject, we take these interesting facts:

Holmgren's plan for the determination of color-blindness does not contain anything original either as regards the materials (colored Berlin wools), or the method (comparison of colors and shades independent of their names). Seebeck had used the materials and the method years before. What Holmgren did was to shorten the method without lessening its accuracy, and thus make it practical for extensive examinations. By Seebeck's method more than twenty-five persons could not be examined in an hour, whereas, according to Holmgren's plan, a hundred or more can be examined in that time. Holmgren's method is as follows: A large assortment of Berlin wools of all colors and shades of color (150 to 200 skeins) is spread before the person to be examined, and a bright green skein (not inclining to either yellow or blue) is laid aside as a "sample." He is then told to select from the pile those skeins which appear to him of the same color but of different shades, i.e., lighter or darker. If he can make this selection properly he is not color-blind. If, however, he lays by the "sample" other colors, particularly brown or gray, he is color-blind. This examination, when the person examined is one of ordinary intelligence, is made in a minute, or even less time, and the question of color-blindness is settled. Practically, this is sufficient, but, if it is desired to know the particular color to which the individual is blind, another examination must be made. At present three kinds of color-blindness are recognized—corresponding to the three so-called primary colors, red, green, and violet or blue. As violet or blue blindness, is exceedingly rare, an examination as to the first two is sufficient, particularly as they are the two colors most important in practical life. In this second examination, a pure purple is laid aside as a "sample" and the person examined is told to select shades appearing to him like it. If he selects grays or greens he is green-blind; if violet or blue he is red-blind; if orange or yellow he is violet-blind.

* * * The results of examinations made in various parts of the world to this time, aggregating over 100,000, show that one male in about every twenty-five whites (4 per cent.) is color-blind in a greater or less degree. It would seem from a limited number of examinations of Jews by Cohn and Magnus, in Breslau, that this race is more subject to color-blindness than Christians, and from some examinations by Dr. Swan M. Burnett, of Washington, of the negroes in the public schools of that city (3,050 in number), it appears that that race is less affected with the color-blindness than the white race. The female sex is rarely affected—only about one in 400. As a rule the defect is congenital, though it is sometimes acquired through disease, and it is frequently hereditary.

The importance of a true sense of color to railway and marine employees, where the lives of many persons depend on a proper discrimination between a red (danger) and a green (safety) signal is apparent, and it is evident that a law should be passed requiring an examination of such employees in respect to their color-sense. Dr. Jeffries succeeded in having such a law passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of humanity, that the matter will be pressed to the same result in all the States, or in our national Congress.

Colors of Thoroughbred Horses.

The modern thoroughbred horse is most commonly bay, frequently chestnut, less frequently brown, rarely black, and still more rarely roan, and scarcely ever gray. Cecil, an authority, writing in 1855, calculated in the previous thirty years the Derby had been won by sixteen bays, seven chestnuts and seven browns; the St. Leger by seventeen bays, eight browns and five chestnuts. Since 1855 the proportionate number of bays has been maintained, the number of chestnuts has increased, the number of browns diminished, and no gray or roan has won either of these great stakes. Gustavus, a gray, won the Derby in 1821, and Frederick, another gray, won the same race in 1829—nothing of that color since. There has been no gray horse of repute since Chanticleer, who, at 4 or 5 years old, in 1847 and 1848, won many royal plates, the Goodwood stakes and the Doncaster cup. There were only two grey stallions named in the *Racing Calendar* of 1872—Master Bagot, an iron gray, and Strathconan, a light gray, descended from Chanticleer, through his dam—Book of the Horse.

MAN wants but little here below, and the McGregor (Iowa) News thinks he can get that quickest by advertising.

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO., PIONEER

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP

Corner Third and Thayer Streets,

BISMARCK, D. T.

None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

EMER N. COREY,

U.S. Commissioner, JUDGE OF PROBATE,

AND

CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.

Office one door below Tribune Block, my 31v7n6

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM,

BOOTS and SHOES,

Fourth St, opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order

in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specialty made of

NEAT REPAIRING.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1

BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN MASON,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND

BILLIARDS,

AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN.

Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People.

10tf

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

BITTERS

Let your first attack of indigestion be the last. Rouse the dormant energies of the stomach with the bitters. The tone thus imparted will remain. This is a fact established by thousands of witnesses, whose testimony is simply a statement of their own experiences. Those afflicted with general debility of every phase will find this medicine an unfailing agent in building up and renewing their strength.

For sale by all Druggists and respectable Dealers generally.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres

and Worsteds

which will be made up in the latest and noblest styles. A good at guaranteed. Give me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned and repaired on short notice. 17m6

J. C. CADY,

DEALER IN

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Third Street,

(Next door back of Merchants Hotel)

Bismarck, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres

and Worsteds

which will be made up in the latest and noblest styles. A good at guaranteed. Give me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned and repaired on short notice. 17m6

J. C. CADY,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

Pictures, Frames, Mouldings,

Glass, Mirrors,

AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Baskets and upholstery goods of all kinds.

CLIFF BROS. & CLARK,

HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE AND OR-

NAMENTAL

PAINTERS.

Graining, Marbling,

AND

WALL DECORATING.

Mixed Paints Always on Hand

Shop on Sixth Street, near Main.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Incompatibilities.

A thin, little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife—God bless her!
She looked like a drum, and he looked like a fist,
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her.
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes—God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword, a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle; he shrank like a pike,
A pike, a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him,
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she busted one day,
Exploded, blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over one acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

He Would and She Wouldn't.

A certain young lady residing on Nob hill, in this town, has been engaged to marry a gentleman, also a resident, for a long time, and the wedding-day has been set and all the preparations made four different times, but each time the young lady backed out at the last moment, and asked that the ceremony be put off. She would give no reasonable excuse for her actions, and professes the greatest affection for her affianced husband, but the entreatings of her friends and the pleadings of her lover have always failed to induce her to fulfill her engagements at the appointed time. Her last break occurred last week. Every preparation was made for the wedding; the trousseau was purchased, and every thing was in readiness. She promised that she would no longer delay the marriage, and that she would not back out again. The happy groom, who had invested several hundred dollars in wedding suits, white kids, etc., was delighted, and ordered another swallow-tail of the very latest style and everything to match, regardless of expense. The bride, too, with the assistance of her friends, was arrayed in superb style. The day appointed for the nuptials arrived, when, to the surprise of her friends, she announced her determination to again postpone the marriage. Expostulations, entreaties and demands were of no avail—nothing would cause her to alter her mind, which was made up to put off the event to some future day. The willing-to-be husband was informed of the obstinate maiden's resolve, and was nearly frantic with despair and chagrin. He called upon her, and upon his bended knees begged her to reconsider her cruel determination, but all to no purpose. The obdurate maiden refused to yield, and the orange blossoms and other fixtures were returned to the store-keeper, but the unfortunate groom was obliged to keep his \$100 suit, as he had done with three different styles on as many similar occasions. Notwithstanding his many grievous disappointments, he is willing to forgive and forget, and negotiations are pending for "another rattle." —*Eureka Leader*.

Healthy Women.

A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign, the fact that "the pale and interesting" type of female beauty is fast losing its popularity, and that men of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of womanly beauty, such as was ever recognized by Greece and Rome. This is certainly an important and happy change in public taste, and already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved condition of feminine health; for it will hardly be denied that on an average the women of to-day are physically superior to what they were a few years ago when tight-lacing and similar destroying customs prevailed. Young women take more exercise than they formerly did. They ride and walk more, and are more in the open air. They have not the insane dread of the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for improvement yet. Many homes are still presided over by invalid wives and mothers, who furnish a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to their families and friends, and are a subject of unlimited expense to their husbands. In such homes the greatest of all blessings that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing which never comes.

American homes, more than any other, perhaps, in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. If this shall be so no longer, it will be a great blessing to the nation. And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is a proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress, as men do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and let them get out into the air and sunshine, as men do, and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, as it once threatened to do. On the contrary, it will be improved, built up, and beautified, and a time will shortly come when a healthy man will not have to hunt a whole country over to find a healthy wife. We are on the right track now; all that is needed is to

go ahead, and the results will soon be manifest. Women will die to be in fashion; therefore let the fashion of female beauty be vigor and strength, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practising archery, riding on horseback, and walking as for a wager, but they will be in style.

The Two Honeymoons.

Samantha Allen's opinion upon these familiar moons, as expressed in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, is as follows: "Thomas is as determined as a rock about one thing, that when he and Maggie are married they are going to keep house by themselves. The first year in married life is a precarious time, make the best of it; a dreadful, curious, strange, precarious time; and if ever a woman wants a free room for meditation and prayer, it is then; and, likewise, the same with the man. There never were two persons so neat alike but what they were different, and had their different ways and eccentricities. A woman may think she knows a man just as well as if she had been through his head a number of times with a lantern; but let her come to live with him from day to day, from week to week, in sunshine and in storm; when dinner is ready at noon and when it is late; when his bootjack is on the nail and when it is lost; when stovepipes are up and when they are being put up, and in all other trials and reverses of life, I tell you she will come across little, impatient, obstinate streaks in him she never laid eyes on before; little selfish, overbearing streaks. And the same with her. He may have been firm as a rock in the belief that he was marrying an angel, but the very first time he brings unexpected company home or washing day he'll find he hasn't. They may be awful good-principled, well-meaning folks, nevertheless, but there are rocks they have got to sail around, and they want strength, and they want patience, and they want elbow room."

"There is another moon, what you may call the harvest-moon of married life, that rises to light the married lovers on the pilgrimage. It may not be so brilliant and dazzling as the honeymoon, but its light is steady and calm, and mellow as anything, and it shines all the way down to the dark valley, and throws its pure light clear across it to the other side. * * * Then if they want to take in a few infirm, or even bed-ridden relatives, on his side or on hers, let 'em take 'em in—it would be perfectly safe."

Sweet Smiles.

"Down in front"—An incipient mustache.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, of Douglas county, has had five wives, and has just married the sixth. It is, however, due to the unfortunate man to state that he has been totally blind for many years. —*St. Louis Times-Journal*.

The girl who sings to an admiring company in the front parlor, "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," is the same creature who expects her mother to make the fire, get the milk, and bring her breakfast up to her room.

"I DIDN'T AT ALL EXPECT COMPANY TODAY," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look, "but I hope you will make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off, "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

A GENTLEMAN in a draper's shop had the misfortune to tread on a lady's skirt. She turned round, her face flushed with anger, but seeing the gentleman was a stranger she smiled complacently, saying, "I beg pardon, sir; I was going to be in a dreadful passion. I thought it was my husband." —*French paper*.

SEVEN young ladies received the degree of A. B. at Northampton college. "But," asks the Lowell *Courier*, "how can a young woman be a bachelor?" Pshaw! A. B. don't mean that in a lady's diploma. It means "after bachelors," and signifies that the young lady that received the degree is qualified for matrimony. —*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"IS THIS THE PLACE," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season and was rescued by a gallant young man whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square 47, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim." —*Indianapolis News*.

A Convict Who Talked.

James M. Steele, convicted of shooting at a man, was before Judge Gaines for sentence, at Dallas, Texas, and was asked what he had to say. The following dialogue ensued: Steele—"I am a gentleman, my ancestors were gentlemen, and I did nothing but what any other gentleman would have done under the circumstances. You have shown me no justice." The Judge—"Shut up." Steele—"You asked me if I had anything to say, sir, and I have a right to talk—and I'm going to do it." The Judge—"I didn't give you permission to talk in that manner. In all my experience as a Judge nothing has ever given me so much pleasure as sentencing you to the penitentiary for seven years." Steele—"Yes, and I hope and pray the curse of Heaven may descend upon you, and that you will be sunk into the hottest pits of hell, and I only hope that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at some future time."

THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY wild Texans are so common in the streets now-a-days that it is recommended that a portion of the police be held in reserve for their capture and subjugation.

How Grant Lost a Finger.

The San Francisco *Post* tells the following rather mythical story of an incident in Grant's military life:

"During the artillery duel resulting in the Confederates falling back after the third day's fight at Spottsylvania, the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio, under Col. McGilder, were thrice repulsed while endeavoring to capture an important position, and finally retreated, much distressed by a decimating fire directed at them from a corps of sharpshooters ambushed in a piece of woods.

"Just at this juncture Grant galloped by with his staff, and, taking in the critical condition at once, he rode to the front of the faltering men and pointed with his finger at the rebel earthworks. Before he could speak, however, the whistle of a bullet was heard, and the finger disappeared. Without moving a muscle Grant extended the second finger of his hand and quietly said: 'We must have that ridge, boys; try again.' It is needless to add that the boys did try again, and this time carried the position with a rush. As they dashed up the slope a surgeon hurried up and said:

"Shall I dress your hand, General?"

"Oh, I guess it isn't necessary," said Grant, with an indescribable wink. 'My finger isn't gone. I merely shut it against the palm in this manner. It's an old trick I learned at school, that's all.' And he rode off.

"Thus it is seen how presence of mind, fertility of resource, etc., etc."

Russia Under a General State of Siege.

Russia is at present under a state of siege from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Warsaw, from Kieff to Kharkoff and Odessa, on account of the plots and conspiracies of the Nihilists. An army of porters, about 15,000 strong, must watch the streets of the capital, day and night, and policemen are set to watch the watchers. Under Gen. Ghourko, the crosser of the Balkans, who is now Vice Emperor, the last lines of legality have also been crossed—if the word "legality" applies at all to Russian institutions. He is invested with unlimited powers, in the place of the disheartened tyrant. The very Grand Dukes are under his orders. Arrests among officers of the army have been the immediate consequence of Gen. Ghourko's satrap rule. In several cases compromising letters and prints were discovered, and executions both of officers, like Lieut. Dubrovin, and of privates, have followed. The gallows are in permanent activity. But perhaps the most significant feature—and a promising one, too—is the order issued, under court-martial law, that in all the barracks a list of the soldiers' arms is to be drawn up, and to be handed over to the police! This is the strongest sign of a suspicion against the army itself, and on the army the whole power of Czar-dom reposes.

Artificial Lumber.

The versatile ingenuity of a Western inventor, who doubtless foresees the time in the far-distant future when the forest shall cease to clothe the hills and dales, and the demands for lumber shall prove vastly in excess of the supply, has succeeded in devising a substitute for the natural product of virgin or the cultivated soil. His plan is to use that fragile vegetable, straw, and by a peculiar process to compress it into a substance as hard and indestructible as oak lumber. It is claimed that this process converts wheat-straw into timber which is susceptible of as fine a polish and finish as mahogany and black walnut, at a cost not in excess of that of the best clear pine. The straw is first manufactured by the ordinary paper-mill process into strawboard, and a sufficient number of sheets of this of the right size are taken to make the required timber. They are soaked and softened in a chemical solution, which is, of course, the inventor's secret. After the fiber of the pasteboard is sufficiently saturated, the pile of sheets is pressed between a series of rollers which consolidate them so that when dry the whole is a hard stick. It is claimed that the process renders this wood substitute impervious to water, and the chemicals used are such as to make it fire-proof. But the sanguine inventor has only made samples thus far.

AN aged Piute squaw deserted her husband and children to elope to California with a white man. The tribe sent two young and stalwart Indians to bring her back. Their mission was a success, and, at last accounts, the white people of Carson, Nev., which is nearby, were interfering to prevent the execution of a sentence that she be drawn apart by horses.

A DENISON (Texas) girl's foot was badly wounded, resulting in lockjaw. A physician was called, and terror at the sight of the edged instruments produced a reaction, and the girl was well before anything could be done for her.

THE NEW LE BON TON

Sample Room

ANE

BILLIARD HALL.

Choice Wines and Cigars always in Stock.

E. Drewry's Celebrated

Ales and Porter

Always on Draught. Opposite the Post Office, Main Street. Bismarck, D. T.

JOS. HARF, Proprietor

D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

No. 82 Main Street, Bismarck, Dakota.

—DEALERS IN—

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Bird Cages, Granite, Iron and Pressed Tinware, Lamps, Cordage, Wood-en-ware, Etc., Etc.

Finest assortment of

Cook and Parlor Stoves

just received.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS!

DEERE & CO.'S PLOWS, AND BUCKEYE MOWERS.

Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Work done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen.

M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts.,

BISMARCK, D.T.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.
GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in

NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.

Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

COMEFORD & MALLOY.

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.

Orders for the City Hack left at the office on

Fourth Street.

BISMARCK

AND

STANDING ROCK

Stage and Express

LINE.

Leaves Bismarck daily except Sundays at 8 a.

m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours!

Leaves Standing Rock daily except Sunday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.

For freight or passage apply to

GEC. PEOPLES & CO.

Bismarck, D. T.

JNO. THOMSON & CO.

Standing Rock, D. T.

O. H. BEAL,

DEALER IN



Fire Arms, Ammunition,

Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sharps and Winchester Rifles a

Specialty.

Particular attention given to Repairing.

Orders by Mail

LITTLE ONES FOR A CENT.

GATHERED ON THE FLY AND CHUCKED-IN FOR LUCK.

Bismarck by Sun and Gas Light, or the Weekly Rounds Made by Inquisitive "Tribune" Reporters.

Episcopal church benefit to-night. Dunn & Co., Druggists, No. 92 Main street.

Charlie Galloway wants an open winter. He ought to have it.

Joe Dietrich is now running a line of busses to the Point.

The carpenters all report plenty of building contracts for next spring.

City full of soldiers this week, who, in turn are of the same complexion. Pay day last week.

A grand ball was given at Standing Rock in honor of Lieut. Rogers and his new wife.

The survey of the Northwestern is already extended to Maple river, 150 miles from Bismarck.

The Benton Record says that rich strikes are continually being found in the Judith Baan.

The Western House has a new sign. The building also has been repainted. It's a good house.

W. F. Steele will have a steam road wagon next season to haul 30,000 bushels of wheat to the market.

Tommy Deckert, the winner of the Manan foot race, has plenty of money that says he can do it again.

Joe Dietrich's city omnibus, or "traveling corn-crib," as Joshua Whitcomb calls it, has been put away for the winter.

Billy Franklin, the tonsorial artist, announces the arrival of another first-class barber. He says it is a little shaver.

The Vincent combination returned from Standing Rock Monday. They gave four entertainments at that post to \$200 houses.

The Miles City Journal wants to secure warmer quarters and a new roller. It looks like THE TRIBUNE of November 1873.

A large quantity of good flour barrels wanted at the Sheridan House, for which a high price will be given. Enquire of W. H. Hurd.

There has been a new postoffice established at the Coal Banks, up the river, called Ruger, with McNamara as its postmaster.

The Methodist Society's sociable which was to have been held at Mrs. Stevenson's this evening has been postponed one week at the same place.

John Rowland has boxed, ready for shipment, the head and horns of a large buck. He will send them to Prof. Andrew Ramsey, London, England.

Go to Champion Hall to-night. The Vincent Combination will give a splendid entertainment for the benefit of the Episcopal Church construction fund.

W. L. Steele couldn't find kickers enough in Bismarck to suit his purposes and so went to Missouri and purchased a car load of mules. He has returned.

No better tables are set in St. Paul than in Bismarck hotels, if the tables do have

small blots in them, suggestive of early frontier life, and the passage of a red chip.

A mackinaw left Fort Benton Nov. 1st for Bismarck containing Dr. Wm. Turner, Fred Young, James McGowan and Wm. Bagley. Wonder if they will get here.

The inside of the Capitol Hotel is being cleared out, and the building being remodeled into a magnificent billiard hall eighty feet long. It will be the finest on the line of the N. P.

The Merchants bill of fare last Sunday numbered eighteen entree dishes. One man in looking at the bill told the waiter that he would like to skip those and take the rest if it wasn't agin' the rule.

The signal corps has been furnished with buffalo coats, shoes, hats and gloves free of charge. Fifty of them have been received at the signal office in this city for use on the northwestern lines.

The Fargo Times says "750,000 bushels of wheat has been marketed at Fargo and Moorhead since harvest this year. During the month of October Duluth shipped 831,275 bushels of North Pacific wheat.

Justice Edgerly is no longer a bigger man than Judge Barnes for the Judge has issued an order restraining him from acting in certain cases which are deemed to be within the jurisdiction of the district court.

The theme of discourse at the City Hall Sunday morning next, "The Importance, Duty and Advantage of Attending Public Worship." All are cordially invited, especially parents. Services commence at 11 a.m. J. M. Bell, pastor M. E. Church.

Mr. W. H. Hurd, of the Sheridan House, has just completed and obtained a patent on his rustic combination chair which was on exhibition at the Sheridan House this week. This chair not only combines the pleasures of comfort and beauty, but its building incurs little expense. Through the astonishing magnanimity of Mr. Hurd the right to build with full instructions, will be furnished free to his large circle of friends in this city.

A cable at Standing Rock is all that is necessary to give Bismarck direct telegraphic connection with Yankton and Sioux City. Several attempts have been made to carry a wire across on masts but all have failed, and a cable will now be laid in the river. The masts at Standing Rock were three-quarters of a mile apart.

At Bismarck they are four-fifths of a mile apart, but a steel copper galvanized wire is used. The weight of the span is 180 pounds.

The Vincent Combination returned from Standing Rock Sunday. There was war in the camp and a dispute over the funds. Gus Peters, Mlle. LeEtta and Little Willie, Peters' boy, accordingly jumped the troupe and left Wednesday for St. Louis, Little Willie being quite ill. The little fellow has been worked too hard, and he has not had the best and kindest of treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Vincent, Billy Mack and Edith Valentine now constitute the constellation. They were to give entertainments Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, but postponed them until last night on account of the Episcopal festival. To-night the company play in a choice variety olio, the proceeds to be applied for the benefit of the Episcopal Church construction fund. Saturday night the company goes to Lincoln and soon go to Ft. Meade.

Nothing has yet been heard of Fred Edgar. His "phiz" was put in the Police

If not one of the oldest houses in the city the Star Clothing House is one of the largest. Mr. Eppinger, its proprietor, has had many years of experience in the clothing business and believes that he knows his business and his custom so well that he can fit any man likely to apply to him for suits either in quality of his goods, price or cut of the garment. His stock, while it embraces fine suits for clerks and business men generally, embraces a full line of suits for laboring

Gazette and looked very natural. Edgar is probably down in Texas.

Louis Melvin has opened a saloon at Point Pleasant.

The Chris Gilson building is offered for sale.

J. P. Forster went against a pair of kings this week.

Down in the diving bell to the bottom of the Missouri, will soon be the cry.

John Leisure, brought in a one hundred and seventy-five pound buck, dressed, on Monday.

A telephone is now in operation between the Bismarck N. P. freight office and the landing.

The Bismarck post office received and forwarded eighty-five registered packages yesterday—of these forty originated at the Bismarck office and the balance were in transit. Pretty heavy for a small office.

There is a strong feeling among some of our leading Democrats of the city just at present to tender Gen. Grant the Presidency of the Bismarck Marine Ways and Dock Co. If he should accept the boys of the Bismarck Band will give a grand blow in.

The N. W. Ex. S. & T. Co. are loading an average of 40,000 pounds per day for the Hills and have been for the last twenty days. Still there is no end to it and the warehouse is full of freight. This line will have all it can do this winter and now have teams enough on the road to carry over 1,000,000 pounds.

Joe Hare is supplying a want long felt in this city—that of furnishing meals at all hours, day or night. He has two first-class cooks, buys the very best material for cooking and sets out as good a meal as one could wish, and cheaper at the prices he asks, than a free lunch of cabbage, etc., for nothing. Drop in at the New Le Bon Ton and see him.

Hugh McClinty, who has been in the army for thirty odd years, off and on, serving in the third artillery in the Mexican war, lately discharged from the 6th or 7th infantry, died Wednesday night at Rendom's from the effect of an extended spree and exposure. He was buried yesterday in the Catholic cemetery. A month ago he had between six and seven hundred dollars. A careful inventory of his effects at time of death showed two spools of thread, a bit of tobacco and a clay pipe.

Manager Whitney has not been greeted with as good houses this week as usual. The festival and other entertainments have attracted a large number of his patrons. Gerin & Hayden are putting on some very amusing sketches, while Libbie Marett and Blanche Granger continue to please with their songs and dances. Miss Ella LaRue with her banjo and cornet, and Tommy LeVard, the Irish impersonator, still excite rounds of applause. A new star is announced for next week.

The Star Clothing House.

If not one of the oldest houses in the city the Star Clothing House is one of the largest. Mr. Eppinger, its proprietor, has had many years of experience in the clothing business and believes that he knows his business and his custom so well that he can fit any man likely to apply to him for suits either in quality of his goods, price or cut of the garment. His stock, while it embraces fine suits for clerks and business men generally, embraces a full line of suits for laboring

men, whether teamsters, graders, wood-choppers or others, and embraces every thing made from the crown to feet.

Gentlemen of elegant leisure, or business men will find just what they want, while the range of special sizes is very large—extending from bean-pole to barrel sizes.

The department of under-clothing is complete and embraces the finer grades as well as the cheaper. In furnishing goods every thing a gent wants can be found, and the finest as well as the cheapest hats and caps. The goods were purchased before the recent rise in prices and will be sold accordingly.

OYSTERS. OYSTERS.

Booth's Oysters by the case or can, Moore & Brady's Deep Sea Oysters fresh every night at

CHAR. KUPITZ.

WARANTEED FRESH.

Toilet Articles,

Perfumery, of all kinds, etc. at

W. A. HOLLEMBACK'S.

Fresh Mutton.

Fresh Pork,

Fresh Veal,

Fresh Beef,

Fresh Venison, and

Poultry at

CHAR. KUPITZ.

New Goods.

New Goods daily arriving at

DAN EISENBERG'S.

Fresh Apple Butter and Mince Meat at

CHAR. KUPITZ.

Charlie Williams enjoys a good patronage because he keeps nothing but the best quality of liquors and cigars. Try them.

CHAR. KUPITZ.

New Buckwheat Flour at

CHAR. KUPITZ.

Wall Paper.

A complete stock of the finest designs for sale at cost at

W. A. HOLLEMBACK'S.

Cultivated and wild Cranberries at

CHAR. KUPITZ.

Window Glass,

All sizes and cut to order at

W. A. HOLLEMBACK'S.

The Boss Oyster Stews,

Fries, Roasts, Raws, etc. in the city at

THE NEW LE BON TOX.

Buy the White.

The easiest running Family Sewing Machine in the market is the WHITE.

W. B. WATSON'S.

Silks in all shades at reduced prices at

W. B. WATSON'S.

Wanted.

Twenty-five to Fifty Tons Fast Freight. Teams ready to start 2d inst. Bids will be received at the office of Chas. M. Cushman.

25

The best watch repairer in the city

FRANK GEIST.

Cigarettes.

All the popular and best brands at

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For Sale Cheap.

Part time given on good paper. One good team and wagon at Ben Ash's by Herbert Ormsbee.

25

Try Charlie Williams' Free Lunch. It is good for the stomach, pleasing to the palate and extremely moderate on the purse.

Elegant Rings, Necklaces Etc. at

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Before selecting examine the complete assort-ment at

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THOROUGH REMEDY

for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indolence and disturbance of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute. It should not be confounded with the various compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, or sold under the name of Bitters.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS Everywhere.

T. H. JONES, Salesman.

WOODCHOPPERS WANTED

At Fort Buford, D. T.

W. H. pay

\$1.00 Per Cord

For Chopping Green Cottonwood.

Work all winter if desired.

LEIGHTON & JORDAN.

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DEALER IN

Clothing, Boot and Shoes,

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Groceries, Provisions, Tobacco, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

98 Main Street,

New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourselves.

20ft

the same by proving property and paying charges. Apply to

EADES & WESTHAUSER.

The Best Assortment

Of Ladies' Cloaks in the city at

DAN EISENBERG'S.

Closed on Thanksgiving

The First National Bank will be closed on

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 27th. Paper